

FINAL RESULTS EDITION
PRICE ONE CENT.

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WALTHOUR'S EFFORT TO GAIN LOST LAP KEEPS SIX-DAY RIDERS ON THE "JUMP"

"I AM INNOCENT," CRIES GILLETTE, DOOMED TO DIE

Slayer of Grace Brown, After Protest, Listens Unmoved to Sentence of Death in the Week of Jan. 28—Confident of New Trial.

(Special to The Evening World.)

HERKIMER, Dec. 10.—Chester E. Gillette, convicted murderer of Grace Brown, heard the sentence of death passed upon him to-day as calmly as if he had been the least concerned spectator in the courtroom. When asked if he had anything to say why he should not be sentenced to die he responded in the clear, unflinching voice of a lawyer pleading for his client:

"I have, for I am innocent of the crime charged against me, and therefore should not be sentenced."

"Have you anything further to say?" asked the Court, who was far more affected than the prisoner.

"I think that is all," replied Gillette nonchalantly, dropping in his seat and turning with a smile to his mother, who sat a short distance from him. The date of execution was fixed for the week beginning Jan. 28.

Mrs. Gillette had arrived in Herkimer last night too late to be admitted to the jail. She went to her son's cell early this morning, however, and remained with him until Under Sheriff Klock came to take him to court. She talked and prayed with her son throughout her visit, and when she entered the tribunal bore herself with the calm that religious fervor brings.

Mrs. Gillette and her son talked together before the case was called, and while Charles D. Thomas, Gillette's senior counsel, was making formal motions to have the verdict set aside. Judge Devendorf denied these motions and also one to arrest judgment. Then Gillette was told to stand up. He arose and stepped forward firmly and appeared not in the least nervous.

He placed his hand on a bible and was sworn; then answered questions, giving his record as follows: Chester E. Gillette, born in Wicks, Mont.; residence, Cortland; age, twenty-three years; occupation, stock dealer; Protestant religion, unmarried, both parents living, common school education, temperate habits, never before convicted of crime.

"I am innocent!" He cries.

"Chester Gillette," spoke up Judge Devendorf, "have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed?" All eyes were on Gillette and every ear strained to catch his answer.

"I have," said Gillette, remaining at the clerk's desk and speaking loudly enough to be heard all over the room. "I am innocent of the crime as charged in the indictment, and therefore I think sentence should not be passed."

There was not a tremor in his voice and his manner was as calm as that of a lawyer appearing for a client. "Have you anything else to say?"

"No, I think that is all."

Then Judge Devendorf, passed sentence, directing the sheriff to turn the prisoner over to the custody of the Warden of Auburn Prison, within ten days, and to have the case set for trial on the day of the next term of court.

Gillette showed no emotion whatever as he returned to his seat. When he was taken back to the jail his mother left the court to seek a board of review.

Interview with Mother.

A woman correspondent of The Evening World took to Mrs. Gillette at the Warden's residence a message from her son, who had been admitted to the jail to see her at any time she might call. The mother of the slayer of Grace Brown is a small, plump little woman, with fair hair streaked with gray and a pleasant, motherly face. When given Mr. Klock's message she asked what time court would convene.

"I don't know," she replied, "but you need not wait that long. You may see your son at any time. He was told that the court would convene at 10 o'clock."

"I am sorry for you, Mrs. Gillette, as every woman must be who would do anything that was possible to help you."

"No one can help me," she replied. "No one can help me. It was a simple case of fact and I was not sorrowfully as to bring tears to the eyes."

"I don't think it will help you a little bit to know that every one believes your son will get out of the jail."

"What almost screamed the little woman as she stretched out a hand that trembled and drew the correspondent to a chair."

"I heard people talking on the train," she said. "They said he wouldn't."

(Continued on Second Page.)

FIRES DYNAMITE IN BIG TENEMENT ON EAST SIDE

Explosion Breaks Glass and Doors, but Fails to Start Fire.

20 FAMILIES SCARED

Driven Into the Cold Street in All Sorts of Undress.

A stick of dynamite was exploded under the first flight of stairs in the big six-story tenement at No. 330 East Thirty-fourth street to-day in the dark of the morning, sending twenty families panic-stricken into the halls and streets in various stages of undress. Although the detonation shattered all the glass on the first floor, brought down the plaster and wrecked some door panels in addition to shaking the house, it didn't start a fire and nobody was injured. One little sick boy was made worse by the shock.

The time and place for the explosion evidently had been carefully planned by a person who knew the ground well. It was 6:30, and most of the apartments the tenants were asleep, getting dressed and preparing the morning meal. Some slept alone in the room, others in pairs, and some in families. The explosion came at a moment when the tenants were all in bed, and the police began sifting the stories to find a clue to the perpetrator.

Most of the tenants believed that the bomb was intended to intimidate the occupants of the flat occupied by Alfonso Bivona, a prosperous baker, his wife and their son, Alfonso, Jr., aged seven. The flat was described when the police began working on this case, the elder Bivona having departed for his home in Italy, leaving his wife and son in the flat. The police found that the bomb was placed in the hallway, and the police began sifting the stories to find a clue to the perpetrator.

The captain learned that one year ago the elder Bivona received a Black Hand letter demanding money. He moved away from his address in East Thirty-fourth street and on December night young Alfonso had a struggle in the hallway with a burly Italian, who was said to be a member of the Black Hand. The police found that the bomb was placed in the hallway, and the police began sifting the stories to find a clue to the perpetrator.

An examination of the premises and the stories of the tenants convinced the police that the man who touched off the bomb knew his way around and made the most careful preparations in the hallway with a burly Italian, who was said to be a member of the Black Hand. The police found that the bomb was placed in the hallway, and the police began sifting the stories to find a clue to the perpetrator.

That this was all done within five minutes is proved by the story of Philip Bivona, who lives on the top floor with his wife and children, heard the explosion and saw the bomb being placed in the hallway. The police found that the bomb was placed in the hallway, and the police began sifting the stories to find a clue to the perpetrator.

John Graham, who lives on the top floor with his wife and children, heard the explosion and saw the bomb being placed in the hallway. The police found that the bomb was placed in the hallway, and the police began sifting the stories to find a clue to the perpetrator.

As soon as the negro had recovered from his shock he helped Mr. Cadwell to force an entrance. The man, who was dressed in a dark suit, entered the room and laid out the bed. It was all very quiet. By this time Dr. A. A. Williams, the house physician, had arrived from his office at No. 41 East Thirtieth street. Dr. Williams worked over the girl some time in the hopes of reviving her, but the noise of small cord had cut deep into the throat and she had evidently been quickly strangled.

After some delay Corner Artillery was notified. He decided that the girl had tied a knot about her neck, hitched the rope securely over the top of the hinge and then stepped off the chair upon which she had been standing. In her dying struggle she had twisted one of her hands so tightly in the loose end of the rope that the palm was cut and bruised. From this the Corner Artillery deduced that the young woman might have repented and tried to save herself.

Her deathbook, a cheap, ragged affair, contained twenty-three entries and a card bearing on one side the printed inscription, "A. Goldberg, Tailor," and on the other, "The body was dressed in a cheap nightgown. On a chair, neatly folded, was a plain black suit of cheap material, her dying struggle she had twisted one of her hands so tightly in the loose end of the rope that the palm was cut and bruised. From this the Corner Artillery deduced that the young woman might have repented and tried to save herself."

PRETTY GIRL IS FIRST SUICIDE IN WOMAN'S HOTEL

Martha Friedman, Guest at the Martha Washington, Hangs Herself.

FOUND DEAD IN ROOM.

Went to Hotel Friday, Kept Aloof from Guests, Received Neither Caller Nor Letter.

Martha Friedman, aged nineteen, a mysterious guest of the Hotel Martha Washington, in East Twenty-ninth street, hanged herself in her room last night. It was the first suicide in the only New York hotel devoted exclusively to the entertainment of women.

From the facts in the case the Coroner draws no conclusion other than that the delicate Russian girl had come to the hotel with the deliberate intention of killing herself there when her few dollars were gone. Probably she brought along as a part of her meagre baggage the new trunk rope with which she strangled herself.

She walked into the hotel office on the afternoon of Dec. 7. She was dark, short and slender, with a delicate, rather refined face, which would have been pretty except for its extreme thinness. The new arrival looked like a young teacher who had perhaps been studying too hard. She was an inch over five feet in height and weighed less than a hundred pounds. Her only belongings were a neatly wrapped bundle and a worn handbag.

Paid Week in Advance.

he clerk, to whom she paid \$7 in advance, sent her to No. 31, a small single room on the third floor.

The little foreigner had been about the hotel ever since. So far as is known she received neither a caller nor a letter, nor had she spoken to any other guest. She spent most of her time in the reading room. She generally held a magazine in her lap, but often she would not glance at its pages for hours at a time.

Several of the women remarked her preoccupied air, but no one seems to have had any conversation with the plainly clad little stranger. She spoke English, but with a pronounced accent, and she seemed to be a native of some foreign country.

Today when the chambermaid, Nellie Ryan, tried to get into Miss Friedman's room with a pass-key she found it bolted on the inner side. She notified Manager Mark A. Cadwell, who went to the third floor, taking El Elias, a negro elevator boy, with him.

Seeing they could not open the door without breaking it badly, Mr. Cadwell steadied Elias while the elevator boy climbed upon the knob and unlocked the transom. The negro poked his head through the opening. Then he cried out and, releasing all holds, dropped, ashy with terror, into the almost empty room. He had put his face almost against that of the occupant of the room as she dangled from a rope looped over the top of a closet door.

Body Not Yet Cold.

As soon as the negro had recovered from his shock he helped Mr. Cadwell to force an entrance. The man, who was dressed in a dark suit, entered the room and laid out the bed. It was all very quiet. By this time Dr. A. A. Williams, the house physician, had arrived from his office at No. 41 East Thirtieth street. Dr. Williams worked over the girl some time in the hopes of reviving her, but the noise of small cord had cut deep into the throat and she had evidently been quickly strangled.

After some delay Corner Artillery was notified. He decided that the girl had tied a knot about her neck, hitched the rope securely over the top of the hinge and then stepped off the chair upon which she had been standing. In her dying struggle she had twisted one of her hands so tightly in the loose end of the rope that the palm was cut and bruised. From this the Corner Artillery deduced that the young woman might have repented and tried to save herself.

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LATEST NEWS.

SIX O'CLOCK SCORE.

The score of the teams in the six-day bicycle race in Madison Square Garden at 6 o'clock was as follows:

Miles.	Laps.
ROOT AND FOGLER	382 7
VANDERKUYFT AND STOL	382
DOWNEY AND MORAN	382 7
MACDONALD AND COFFEY	382 7
BRETTON AND VANONI	382 7
SAMUELSON AND HOLLISTER	382 7
METTLING AND LOGAN	382 7
HOPPER AND DOWNING	382 7
RUTY AND MACFARLAND	382 7
GALVIN AND WILEY	382 7
HYE AND CLARK	382 7
GEORGET AND GEORGET	382 7
WALTHOUR AND J. BEDELL	382 6

LATE WINNERS AT NEW ORLEANS.

Fourth—Gold 4-5, James Reddick 8-1 place, Envoy.

Fifth—Charlie Eastman 1-6, Muffins 3-5 place, Lucy Young.

Sixth—Bertha E. 7-5, Bill Phillips 8-5 place, Marvel P.

CHATELAIN NAMED FOR THE FEDERAL BENCH.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—President Roosevelt to-day sent to the Senate the nomination of Thomas Ives Chatfield to be United States District Judge for Eastern Division of New York.

KILLED BY FALLING IRON BALL.

William Dougherty, thirty-five years old, of No. 2208 First avenue, employed in the Pennsylvania excavation at Thirty-first street, was struck on the head by an iron ball from a derick this afternoon and so badly injured that he died in Bellevue Hospital.

STORER REPEATS HIS CHARGES IN NEW ATTACK

CINCINNATI, Dec. 10.—Bellamy Storer, former Ambassador from the United States to Austria-Hungary, to-day republished a letter to the members of the Senate, in which he repeated the charges he had made in his letter to the President, in which he charged that the members of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, in their report to the President, had misrepresented the facts in the case of the Irishman, John J. Storer, who had been elected a member of the "Ananias Club," like all others who have come into dispute with President Roosevelt. Storer said that he had been elected a member of the "Ananias Club," like all others who have come into dispute with President Roosevelt. Storer said that he had been elected a member of the "Ananias Club," like all others who have come into dispute with President Roosevelt.

Champion Forced Behind by McLean's Accident, Promises to Gain Lost Ground Before Midnight To-Night

MORAN AND FOGLER FIGHT LIKELY TO CAUSE SPILLS.

Irishman, Badly Worsted in Fistic Mixup, Promises to Get Even During the Race--Twelve Teams Still Tied--Foreigners in Front in All the Spurts.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, Dec. 10.—Twelve teams, tied for the lead in the six-day bicycle race, are keyed up to high pitch as the end of the first twenty-four hours of the grind nears completion. All have their eyes on Walthour, who, through the accident to McLean, his original partner, lost a lap. Walthour's sprint is world famous and all the others fear it.

The tip has gone out that Walthour will make a desperate effort to get back the lap before midnight. The result is that no one knows just when Bobbie will attempt the trick. All the other teams in the race are watching out for anything that looks like an attempt of Walthour to "jump" the bunch.

McLean, who was teamed up with Walthour, is now in New York Hospital. It was thought his skull was fractured by the early morning spill, but this afternoon he was resting easily, the doctors said, with no more injuries than a scalp wound and contusions of the shoulder.

Johnny Bedell, who was teamed up with Walthour after the accident to his brother McLean, had a fall this afternoon, but no serious damage was done and no ground was lost.

Moran Tries a Sprint.

Shortly after four o'clock Patsy Moran made a desperate attempt to pick off Eddie Root, who was setting the pace, and came near racing into the rail for a bad spill. Moran then had to fall back and await another opportunity.

If Moran's team or Root and Fogler win the six-day race a grudge of long standing will be settled or there will be a rough-house in the training quarters that will be the feature of the race.

It now develops that just before the race started last night Patsy Moran declared himself, and as a consequence was disqualified all over the basement of Madison Square Garden. Moran's Irish blood began to boil when he was squeezed out in an attempt to get to the lead last night, and consequently, he says, resulted in his losing the race. He announced last night that he could beat any New York man or a foreigner, and would hand a wallop to the first one "against him" that showed his face in the quarters.

As it happened Fogler, the biggest man in the race, was first to appear, and Moran swung one from his hip. Fogler dodged the blow and clipped a right hand swing on Moran's jaw that sent him down for the count. The Boston Irishman still did not have enough and in a frenzy came back at Fogler. A rough and tumble scrap then lasted for fifteen minutes, and at the end of it Moran was counted out. He was bloody from head to foot, and big Fogler was unscathed.

Moran has sworn vengeance, and his action of the afternoon in trying to take the lead at an unexpected time shows that he means it. Urban MacDonald, Bretton, the Frenchman, and Bobby Walthour have tried to patch it up for fear the enmity between these two men might result in a spill and a serious accident to the rest of the riders. The spilla early this morning may have been a sequel to this fight.

Shortly after Moran had failed to gain the lead, Eddie Root saw an opportunity to "put one over" and so the other riders were watching Moran and Eddie Root, the Frenchman, who was in the lead, and who was fifty feet in front before the others opened up. Vanoni, the Italian, started after him and the crowd was carried off its feet by the burst of speed that followed.

In two laps Vanoni had overtaken the ambitious Root and was in the lead. Seeing himself beaten Root dropped back to second place, and the spectators fell back on their hardworn cushions.

They were given another thrill a few minutes later, when the Canadian, Fred McLean, went to the front for the first time since the race began. It was a short duration, however, for McLean again stepped out in the lead. Half an hour after the race was a monstrous grind at a pace far below the world's best.

Walthour and his partner, Johnny Bedell, are officially one lap behind the

city park now begins its two weeks' racing

Fine Class of Entries in Various Events at the New Track.

RESULTS AT NEW ORLEANS.

FIRST RACE—Gold Circle (9 to 2 and 8 to 5) 1, Beau Brummel (8 to 5 for place) 2, Jacomo 3.

SECOND RACE—Dr. Spruill (1 to 2 and out) 1, Grand Duchess (4 to 1 for place) 2, Fonsoloca 3.

THIRD RACE—Sam Hoffenheimer (8 to 5 and 1 to 2) 1, Dawson (4 to 1 for place) 2, Hrelequin 3.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 10.—Racegoers went to the more pretentious and comely City Park Course for the first time to-day and will continue going there for two weeks, when another shift will be made back to the old-fashioned Fair Grounds.

Though this was Monday, it was the opening, and the management departed from the usual custom of giving stakes only on Saturdays and holidays and offered the initial, a handicap at a mile. This brought out a cracking good field, including Juggler, Gold, Alma Dufour, Minnie Adams, Peter Sterling and others.

Seventeenth of a mile.

Name, Weight, Jockey.

Gold Circle, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Beau Brummel, 100, C. Fisher.

Jacomo, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Dr. Spruill, 100, D. Austin.

Grand Duchess, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Fonsoloca, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Sam Hoffenheimer, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Dawson, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Hrelequin, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Time, 1:22 1/2.

Refined made the early running, led by Gold Circle and Beau Brummel. On the turn Gold Circle moved into the lead and stayed there winning easily by two lengths from Beau Brummel, who beat Jacomo a length for the place.

SECOND RACE.

Name, Weight, Jockey.

Dr. Spruill, 100, D. Austin.

Grand Duchess, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Fonsoloca, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Sam Hoffenheimer, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Dawson, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Hrelequin, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Time, 1:22 1/2.

Refined made the early running, led by Gold Circle and Beau Brummel. On the turn Gold Circle moved into the lead and stayed there winning easily by two lengths from Beau Brummel, who beat Jacomo a length for the place.

THIRD RACE.

Name, Weight, Jockey.

Sam Hoffenheimer, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Dawson, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Hrelequin, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Time, 1:22 1/2.

Refined made the early running, led by Gold Circle and Beau Brummel. On the turn Gold Circle moved into the lead and stayed there winning easily by two lengths from Beau Brummel, who beat Jacomo a length for the place.

FOURTH RACE.

Name, Weight, Jockey.

Sam Hoffenheimer, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Dawson, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Hrelequin, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Time, 1:22 1/2.

Refined made the early running, led by Gold Circle and Beau Brummel. On the turn Gold Circle moved into the lead and stayed there winning easily by two lengths from Beau Brummel, who beat Jacomo a length for the place.

FIFTH RACE.

Name, Weight, Jockey.

Sam Hoffenheimer, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Dawson, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Hrelequin, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Time, 1:22 1/2.

Refined made the early running, led by Gold Circle and Beau Brummel. On the turn Gold Circle moved into the lead and stayed there winning easily by two lengths from Beau Brummel, who beat Jacomo a length for the place.

SIXTH RACE.

Name, Weight, Jockey.

Sam Hoffenheimer, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Dawson, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Hrelequin, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Time, 1:22 1/2.

Refined made the early running, led by Gold Circle and Beau Brummel. On the turn Gold Circle moved into the lead and stayed there winning easily by two lengths from Beau Brummel, who beat Jacomo a length for the place.

SEVENTH RACE.

Name, Weight, Jockey.

Sam Hoffenheimer, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Dawson, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Hrelequin, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Time, 1:22 1/2.

Refined made the early running, led by Gold Circle and Beau Brummel. On the turn Gold Circle moved into the lead and stayed there winning easily by two lengths from Beau Brummel, who beat Jacomo a length for the place.

EIGHTH RACE.

Name, Weight, Jockey.

Sam Hoffenheimer, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Dawson, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Hrelequin, 100, J. J. Jockey.

Time, 1:22 1/2.

Refined made the early running, led by Gold Circle and Beau Brummel. On the turn Gold Circle moved into the lead and stayed there winning easily by two lengths from Beau Brummel, who beat Jacomo a length for the place.

NINTH RACE.

Name, Weight, Jockey.

Sam Hoffenheimer, 100, J. J. Jockey.</